



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

MYTHS OF THE JICARILLA APACHES.

WITH the exception of a version of the Origin Myth recently contributed by Mr. Mooney,¹ the myths of the Jicarilla Apaches have not been recorded. The Jicarillas, or "Basket-makers," are not so well known as the Mescalero and White Mountain Apaches, as they have lived somewhat apart from the more interesting Pueblo region to the southward. They formerly lived in the rough country near Taos, and several legends refer to Taos Mountain. From 1893 to 1895 two sub-chiefs, Largo and Pesata, with about 200 followers, left the reservation, and roamed over their "native hills," stealing stock, and causing some alarm among the settlers. They are pagan Indians, about 840 in number, who now exist upon a small reservation in northern New Mexico upon the Atlantic-Pacific Divide. Their land adjoins that of the Utes of southwestern Colorado, though linguistic barriers probably restrict intercourse between the tribes, who have not been upon friendly terms in the past, if we may believe the Jicarillas or their agents, one of whom wrote in 1894: "They were greatly displeased last fall when, without their consent or even knowledge, their children, whom they had sent to Santa Fé, were removed to the Fort Lewis School, Colorado. Their objection arose from the fact that, in going to visit their children at the latter school, they would be obliged to pass over the reservation of their old enemies, the Utes." Friendly relations exist between the Jicarillas and the Indians of the Rio Grande Pueblos, but with them, as with the Utes, the Apaches can converse in the Spanish language only. The Jicarilla myths and legends seem to have been most affected by the contact with the Navahoes; their languages are mutually intelligible, and frequent visits are interchanged.

The following myths were related by Laforia, a very old woman, whose grandson Gunsí interpreted them to me. The Origin Myth differs from that told to Mr. Mooney by "Edward," and also from the version furnished me by Juan Quintana, a middle-aged Apache, who admitted that he did not know the legends as his father had known them.

ORIGIN OF THE APACHES.

In the under-world, Uⁿ-gó-ya-yěn-ni, there was no sun, moon, or light of any kind, except that emanating from large eagle feathers which the people carried about with them. This method of light-

¹ James Mooney, "The Jicarilla Genesis," *American Anthropologist*, vol. xi. No. 7.

ing proved unsatisfactory, and the head men of the tribe gathered in council to devise some plan for lighting the world more brightly. One of the chiefs suggested that they make a sun and a moon. A great disk of yellow paint was made upon the ground, and then placed in the sky. Although this miniature creation was too small to give much light, it was allowed to make one circuit of the heavens ere it was taken down and made larger. Four times the sun set and rose, and four times it was enlarged, before it was "as large as the earth and gave plenty of light." In the under-world dwelt a wizard and a witch, who were much incensed at man's presumption, and made such attempts to destroy the new luminaries that both the sun and the moon fled from the lower world, leaving it again in darkness, and made their escape to this earth, where they have never been molested, so that, until the present time, they continue to shine by night and by day. The loss of the sun and moon brought the people together, that they might take council concerning the means of restoring the lost light. Long they danced and sang, and made medicine. At length it was decided that they should go in search of the sun. The Indian medicine-men caused four mountains to spring up, which grew by night with great noise, and rested by day. The mountains increased in size until the fourth night, when they nearly reached the sky. Four boys were sent to seek the cause of the failure of the mountains to reach the opening in the sky, ha-ná-za-ä, through which the sun and moon had disappeared. The boys followed the tracks of two girls who had caused the mountains to stop growing, until they reached some burrows in the side of the mountain, where all trace of the two females disappeared. When their story was told to the people, the medicine-men said, "You who have injured us shall be transformed into rabbits, that you may be of some use to mankind; your bodies shall be eaten," and the rabbit has been used for food by the human race down to the present day.

All then journeyed to the tops of the mountains, where a ladder was built which reached the aperture in the sky or roof of the under-world. The badger was then sent out to explore the earth above; the messenger soon returned, and reported water everywhere except around the margin of the opening. The legs of the badger were covered with mud, which accounts for their dark color at the present day. Four days later, the turkey was sent to see if the waters had subsided. The turkey reported no land yet to be seen above. As the turkey came in contact with the foam of the flood surrounding the opening, his tail became wet and heavy; in shaking this he scattered filmy drops upon his wings, and that is why the feathers of the turkey to the present day present an iridescent play of colors. Then the Wind came to the anxious people and said,

"If you will ask me to help you, I will drive back the water for you." Thus the first prayers came to be addressed to the Wind, which yet remains a powerful deity. When the Wind had rolled back the waters to the limits of the present ocean, the Indians began to ascend the ladder; four times the ladder broke with them, and four times it was replaced by a new one. All the people reached the new world except one old woman, too old and infirm to climb the ladder, who said to them: "I do not wish to leave the land of my youth. Go your way and leave me here; you will come back to join me when you die. You have forgotten one thing; you will soon discover what it is." For four days after their emergence no one could sleep; then the people remembered the warning of the old woman, and two boys were sent down to the under-world to learn what it was that had been forgotten. The old woman said in reply to their question, "You forgot to take lice with you; without them you cannot sleep." She took two black ones from her hair and two white ones from her body, saying, "These will be all you will need, for they will increase night and day." So it has happened that the Apaches sleep well to this day because they harbor these parasites upon their bodies.

So well had the Wind performed his task of drying up the waters, that none remained for the people to drink; but prayers addressed to that deity were answered by the appearance of the present springs and rivers. The few lakes that occur in the Apache country are remnants of the primeval ocean. All the inhabitants of the earth were then Apaches, but the Cheyennes and Utes were soon created from willows. The supreme god, *Yi-ná-yěs-gǝ̃n-i*, directed the people westward; as they journeyed, small parties became separated, and settled by the wayside. These were given different names and languages.

DEATH OF THE GREAT ELK, TSÄS.

In the early days, animals and birds of monstrous size preyed upon the people; the giant Elk, the Eagle, and others devoured men, women, and children, until the gods were petitioned for relief. A deliverer was sent to them in the person of *Djo-na-ai'-yi-řn*, the son of the old woman who lives in the West and the second wife of the Sun. She divided her time between the Sun and the Waterfall, and by the latter bore a second son, named *Ko-ba-tcis'-tci-ni*, who remained with his mother while his brother went forth to battle with the enemies of mankind. In four days *Djo-na-ai'-yi-řn* grew to manhood, then he asked his mother where the Elk lived. She told him that the Elk was in a great desert far to the southward. She gave him arrows with which to kill the Elk. In four steps he

reached the distant desert where the Elk was lying. Djo-na-ai'-yi-ŋ cautiously observed the position of the Elk from behind a hill. The Elk was lying on an open plain, where no trees or bushes were to be found that might serve to shelter Djo-na-ai'-yi-ŋ from view while he approached. While he was looking at the Elk, with dried grass before his face, the Lizard, Mai-cu-i-ti-tce-tcě, said to him, "What are you doing, my friend?" Djo-na-ai'-yi-ŋ explained his mission, whereupon the Lizard suggested that he clothe himself in the garments of the Lizard, in which he could approach the Elk in safety. Djo-na-ai'-yi-ŋ tried four times before he succeeded in getting into the coat of the Lizard. Next the Gopher, Mi-i-ni-li, came to him with the question, "What are you doing here, my friend?" When Djo-na-ai'-yi-ŋ told the Gopher of his intention, the latter promised to aid him. The Gopher thought it advisable to reconnoitre by burrowing his way underground to the Elk. Djo-na-ai'-yi-ŋ watched the progress of the Gopher as that animal threw out fresh heaps of earth on his way. At length the Gopher came to the surface underneath the Elk, whose giant heart was beating like a mighty hammer. He then proceeded to gnaw the hair from about the heart of the Elk. "What are you doing?" said the Elk. "I am cutting a few hairs for my little ones, they are now lying on the bare ground," replied the Gopher, who continued until the magic coat of the Elk was all cut away from about the heart of the Elk. Then he returned to Djo-na-ai'-yi-ŋ, and told the latter to go through the hole which he had made and shoot the Elk. Four times the Son of the Sun tried to enter the hole before he succeeded. When he reached the Elk, he saw the great heart beating above him, and easily pierced it with his arrows; four times his bow was drawn before he turned to escape through the tunnel which the Gopher had been preparing for him. This hole extended far to the eastward, but the Elk soon discovered it, and, thrusting his antler into it, followed in pursuit. The Elk ploughed up the earth with such violence that the present mountains were formed, which extend from east to west. The black spider closed the hole with a strong web, but the Elk broke through it and ran southward, forming the mountain chains which trend north and south. In the south the Elk was checked by the web of the blue spider, in the west by that of the yellow spider, while in the north the web of the many-colored spider resisted his attacks until he fell dying from exhaustion and wounds. Djo-na-ai'-yi-ŋ made a coat from the hide of the Elk, gave the front quarters to the Gopher, the hind quarters to the Lizard, and carried home the antlers. He found that the results of his adventures were not unknown to his mother, who had spent the time during his absence in singing, and watching a roll of

cedar bark which sank into the earth or rose in the air as danger approached or receded from Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩn, her son.

Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩn next desired to kill the great Eagle, I-tsa. His mother directed him to seek the Eagle in the west. In four strides he reached the home of the Eagle, an inaccessible rock, on which was the nest, containing two young eaglets. His ear told him to stand facing the east when the next morning the Eagle swooped down upon him and tried to carry him off. The talons of the Eagle failed to penetrate the hard elk-skin by which he was covered. "Turn to the south," said the ear, and again the Eagle came, and was again unsuccessful. Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩn faced each of the four points in this manner, and again faced toward the east; whereupon the Eagle succeeded in fastening its talons in the lacing on the front of the coat of the supposed man, who was carried to the nest above and thrown down before the young eagles, with the invitation to pick his eyes out. As they were about to do this, Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩn gave a warning hiss, at which the young ones cried, "He is living yet." "Oh, no," replied the old Eagle; "that is only the rush of air from his body through the holes made by my talons." Without stopping to verify this, the Eagle flew away. Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩn threw some of the blood of the Elk which he had brought with him to the young ones, and asked them when their mother returned. "In the afternoon when it rains," they answered. When the mother Eagle came with the shower of rain in the afternoon, he stood in readiness with one of the Elk antlers in his hand. As the bird alighted with a man in her talons, Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩn struck her upon the back with the antler, killing her instantly. Going back to the nest, he asked the young eagles when their father returned. "Our father comes home when the wind blows and brings rain just before sunset," they said. The male Eagle came at the appointed time, carrying a woman with a crying infant upon her back. Mother and babe were dropped from a height upon the rock and killed. With the second antler of the Elk, Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩn avenged their death, and ended the career of the eagles by striking the Eagle upon the back and killing him. The wing of this eagle was of enormous size; the bones were as large as a man's arm; fragments of this wing are still preserved at Taos. Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩn struck the young eagles upon the head, saying, "You shall never grow any larger." Thus deprived of their strength and power to injure mankind, the eagles relinquished their sovereignty with the parting curse of rheumatism, which they bestowed upon the human race.

Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩn could discover no way by which he could descend from the rock, until at length he saw an old female Bat, Tca-na'-mi-ĩn, on the plain below. At first she pretended not to hear his

calls for help ; then she flew up with the inquiry, "How did you get here?" Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩ told how he had killed the eagles. "I will give you all the feathers you may desire if you will help me to escape," concluded he. The old Bat carried her basket, ilt-tsai-ĩ-zĩs, by a slender spider's thread. He was afraid to trust himself in such a small basket suspended by a thread, but she reassured him, saying: "I have packed mountain sheep in this basket, and the strap has never broken. Do not look while we are descending ; keep your eyes shut as tight as you can." He began to open his eyes once during the descent, but she warned him in time to avoid mishap. They went to the foot of the rock where the old Eagles lay. Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩ filled her basket with feathers, but told her not to go out on the plains, where there are many small birds. Forgetting this admonition, she was soon among the small birds, who robbed the old Bat of all her feathers. This accounts for the plumage of the small bird klo'-kĩn, which somewhat resembles the color of the tail and wing feathers of the bald eagle. The Bat returned four times for a supply of feathers, but the fifth time she asked to have her basket filled, Djo-na-ai'-yi-ĩ was vexed. "You cannot take care of your feathers, so you shall never have any. This old skin on your basket is good enough for you." "Very well," said the Bat, resignedly, "I deserve to lose them, for I never could take care of those feathers."

TAOS.

The "Heart of the World" is supposed to be at Taos. Somewhere in that region the earth "shakes," indicating the presence of life within.

Beneath this spot are four rooms, in which an Old Man and an Old Woman imprison people.

VARIATIONS OF THE ABOVE TALES.

Juan Quintana related portions of these myths, but did not know them as well as Laforia.

Quintana's version differed in the following points : —

The Raven, Ka-ga, placed a log, kět'-an-da (Quintana indicated with the position of his hands that its length was about four feet), in the water, telling the people that if it sank they would always return to the under-world ; if it floated, they would reappear upon the earth in four days after death. It sank.

Sun was the father and Moon the mother of the Apaches.

Eagles were destroyed by one of the Apaches. This man adds to his inquiry as to the time of the arrival of the eagles the question, "Where does he alight?"

No blood is given to the young eagles. One of the old eagles is struck in the side, and the other in the neck.

Bat declares her basket strong enough to carry a buffalo.

Quintana states that, under the ancient order of things, the Moose, Kētl-īn, was equally destructive with the Elk to human life; that this animal disappeared in the Rio Grande country, above Santa Fé, where its influence is yet to be seen in hummocky, broken hills along the river, which suggest to the Indian mind the hump of the moose.

His account of the killing of the Elk is much abbreviated, and differs by omitting the spider incident, and substituting the services of the Gopher, who builds four chambers in the end of each of the four tunnels, which the Elk tears open with his antlers.

ORIGIN OF THE ANIMALS.

When the Apaches emerged from the under-world, Uⁿ-go'-ya-yēn-ni, they travelled southward on foot for four days. They had no other food than the seeds of the two plants, k'atl'-tai-ī, and k'atl'-tai-il-tsu-yē, from which they made a sort of flour by grinding between stones. When they camped for the fourth time, one of the tipis, called ka-ge-gōⁿ-has-ka-īn-de-yē, stood somewhat apart from the others. While the owner and his wife were absent from this lodge, a Raven brought a bow and a quiver of arrows, and hung them upon the lodge poles. The children within took down the quiver, and found some meat in it; they ate this, and at once became very fat. When the mother returned, she saw the grease on the hands and cheeks of the children, and was told how the it-tsil'-te had been obtained. The woman hastened to her husband with the tale. Marvelling at the appearance of the children, the people gathered to await the reappearance of the Raven which subsisted upon such remarkable food. When the Raven found the it-tsil'-te had been stolen from the quiver, he flew away toward the eastward; his destination was a mountain just beyond the range of vision of the Indians. A bat, however, followed the flight of the Raven, and informed them where the Raven had alighted. That night, a council of the whole tribe was held, and it was decided that they should go to the home of the Raven, and try to obtain from him the food which had wrought such a miraculous change in those who had partaken of it. At the end of four days they came to a place where a large number of logs were lying in irregular heaps. Many ravens were seen, but they avoided the Indians, and no information could be obtained from them. At one point they discovered a great circle of ashes where the ravens were accustomed to cook their meals. Again a council was held, and they talked over the problem of how to spy upon the ravens, and learn whence they obtained the precious animal food. That night the medicine-men

transformed a boy into a puppy, and concealed him in the bushes near the camp. After the Indians had departed, next morning the ravens came, as is their habit, to examine the abandoned camp. One of the young ravens found the puppy, and was so pleased with it that he exclaimed, "Ci-ch'in-ni-ja-ta" ("This shall be my puppy"). When he carried home his prize his parents told him to throw it away. He begged permission to keep it, but agreed to give it up if the puppy winked when a splinter of burning wood was waved before its eyes. As the puppy possessed much more than canine intelligence, it stared during the test without the quiver of an eyelid. So the young raven won consent to keep the puppy, which he placed under his own blanket, where it remained until evening. At sunset the puppy peeped from his cover, and saw an old raven brush aside the ashes of the fireplace, and take up a large flat stone which disclosed an opening beneath; through this he disappeared, but arose again with a buffalo, which was killed and eaten by the ravens.

For four days the puppy remained at the camp of the ravens, and each evening he saw a buffalo brought up from the depths and devoured. Satisfied that he had discovered the source from which the ravens derived their food, the puppy resumed the form of a boy on the morning of the fifth day, and, with a white eagle feather in one hand and a black one in the other, descended through the opening beneath the fireplace, as he had seen the ravens do. In the under-world in which he found himself he saw four buffaloes. He placed the white eagle-feather in the mouth of the nearest Buffalo, and commanded it to follow him, but the Buffalo told him to go on to the last of the four and take it. This the boy tried to do, but the fourth Buffalo sent him back to the first, in whose mouth the boy again thrust the feather, declaring it to be the king of animals. He then returned to the world above, followed by all the animals at present upon the surface of the earth, except those specially created later, such, for example, as the horse and aquatic animals. As the large herd of animals passed through the hole, one of the ravens awoke, and hastened to clap down the stone covering the opening, but he was too late to prevent their escape. Seeing that they had passed from his control into that of man, he exclaimed, "When you kill any of these animals you must at least leave their eyes for me."

Attended by the troop of beasts of many species, the boy followed the track made by the departing Apaches. On the site of their first camp he found a firestick or poker, *gos-se-na'-it-tsi*, of which he inquired, "When did my people leave here?" "Three days ago," was the reply. At the next camping-place was an abandoned ladder,

has'ai-ĩ, of which he asked, "When did my people leave here?" "Two days ago," replied the ladder. Continuing his journey the boy soon reached the third camping-place, where he questioned a second firestick, and learned that the people had been gone but one day. At the fourth camp another ladder answered his question, with the news that the Indians had left there that morning. That evening he overtook them and entered the camp, the herd of animals following him like a flock of sheep. One old woman who lived in a brush lodge became vexed at the deer which ate the covering of her rude shelter. Snatching up a stick from the fire, she struck the deer over the nose, to which the white ashes adhered, causing the white mark which we see on the nose of that animal at the present time. "Hereafter you shall avoid mankind; your nose will tell you when you are near them," said she. Thus terminated the brief period of harmony between man and the beast: they left the camp at once, going farther each day, until on the fourth they disappeared from sight. That night the Apaches prayed for the return of the animals, that they might use them for food, and that is why animals approach nearer the camps now at night than at any other time. They never come very close, because the old woman told them to be guided by their noses and avoid the Indians.

ORIGIN OF FIRE.

At that early day the trees could talk, but the people could not burn them, as they were without fire. Fire was at length obtained through the instrumentality of the Fox. One day Fox went to visit the geese, tẽtl, whose cry he wished to learn. They promised to teach him, but it would be necessary for him to accompany them in their flights, in order to receive instruction. They gave him wings with which to fly, but cautioned him not to open his eyes while using them. When the geese rose in flight Fox flew with them. As darkness came on, they passed over the inclosure where the fireflies, ko-na-tcic'-v, lived. Some gleams from their flickering fires penetrated the eyelids of Fox, causing him to open his eyes. His wings at once failed to support him, and he fell within the walls of the corral in which were pitched the tents of the fireflies. Two flies went to see the fallen Fox, who gave each a necklace of juniper berries, kotl'-te-i-tse, to induce them to tell him where he could pass the wall which surrounded them. The fireflies showed Fox a cedar-tree which would bend down at command and assist any one to pass over the wall. In the evening Fox went to the spring where the fireflies obtained water, and found colored earths suitable for paint, with which he gave himself a coat of white. Returning to the camp, he told the fireflies that they ought to have a feast;

they should dance and make merry, and he would give them a new musical instrument. They agreed to his proposal, and gathered wood for a great camp-fire, which they ignited by their own glow. Before the ceremonies began, Fox tied shreds of cedar bark to his tail, and then made a drum, the first ever constructed, which he beat for some time. Tired of beating the drum, he gave it to one of the fireflies and moved nearer the fire, into which he thrust his tail, in opposition to the advice of those about him, who said it would surely burn. "I am a medicine-man," said Fox, "and my tail will not burn." However, he kept a close watch upon it, and when the bark was burning well he said, "It is too warm for me here; stand aside and let me go where it is cooler." Fox ran away with tail blazing, followed by the fireflies, who cried, "Stop, you do not know the road; come back." Straight to the cedar-tree Fox ran, and called, "Bend down to me, my tree, bend down." The tree lifted him out of the inclosure, and on he ran, still pursued by the fireflies. As he passed along, the brush and wood on either side was ignited by the sparks which fell from the burning cedar, and fire was widely spread over the earth. Fox became fatigued from running, and gave the firebrand to the hawk, *i-tsatl'-tsu-i*, which carried it on, and finally delivered it to the brown crane, *tsi-nēs-tso'-i*. This bird flew far southward, but not so far but that one tree was not reached, and it will not burn to this day. (No name for such a tree among the Jicarilla Apaches.) The fireflies pursued Fox to his burrow and informed him that, as punishment for having stolen fire from them and spread it abroad over the land, he should never be permitted to use it himself.

ORIGIN AND DESTRUCTION OF THE BEAR.

An Apache boy, while playing with his comrades, pretended to be a bear, and ran into a hole in the hillside. When he came out his feet and hands had been transformed into bear's paws. A second time he entered the den, and his limbs were changed to the knees and elbows. Four times he entered the den, and then came forth the voracious *cac-tla-yē* that devoured his former fellow-beings. One day the bear met a fox in the mountains. "I am looking for a man to eat," said Bear. "So am I," said Fox, "but your legs are so big and thick you cannot run very fast to catch them. You ought to allow me to trim down those posts a little, so you can run as swift as I. Bear consented to have the operation performed, and Fox not only cut the flesh from the legs of Bear, but also broke the bones with his knife, thus killing the dreaded man-eater. Taking the leg bones of Bear with him, he went to the home of the bear family, and there found two other bears. These monsters preyed

upon the people, who were unable to kill them, as they left their hearts at home when off on their marauding expeditions. Fox remained in hiding until the bears went away. When they ran among the Indians, Fox responded to the cries for assistance, not by flying to attack the bears, but by hastening to cut their hearts in twain. The bears were aware that their hearts had been tampered with, and rushed with all speed to rescue them, but fell dead just before they reached Fox. Thus Fox destroyed one of the most dreaded of man's enemies of that primeval time.

FOX AND PORCUPINE.

As Fox was going along he met a Porcupine, Tson', which he overheard saying, "I shall search for pęc'-ti, a stone knife, with which to cut up this meat." "What are you saying?" asked Fox, springing out of the bushes. "I said that I must hunt for pęc'-ti for arrow-heads," replied Porcupine. "That is not what you said." "It was," insisted Porcupine. "Where is that meat?" asked Fox, and then Porcupine admitted that he had killed a Buffalo.

Porcupine had commanded a Buffalo to carry him across a river. "Don't shake your head with me, or I shall fall," said he, as he sat between the animal's horns. The Buffalo told him that, if he was afraid there, he had better crawl into his anus. In that safe retreat Porcupine was carried across the river. He repaid the service by gnawing the vitals of the Buffalo until it fell dead near where the Fox had come upon him. Fox was not disposed to allow Porcupine to retain possession of the Buffalo. "Come," said he, "whoever can jump over the Buffalo can have it. You try first." Porcupine jumped, but only landed on the top of the carcase, over which Fox, of course, leaped with ease. "Now the Buffalo is mine. You can sit over there and see me cut it up." After cutting up the meat, Fox hastened away to summon all the foxes to a feast. Porcupine carried the meat piece by piece into a treetop, so that the foxes, when they came dancing in joyful anticipation, found nothing. From a safe position in the tree Porcupine told the foxes that he would throw them down some meat if they would lie down, close their eyes, and cover themselves with their blankets. They were hungry, so they obeyed the instructions of the Porcupine, who, as soon as their eyes were closed, killed them by throwing down the sharpened ribs of the Buffalo. One little fox at the end of the line had a ragged old blanket, through which he peeped in time to see and to dodge the rib hurled at him. This fox survived the massacre, and begged Porcupine to give him some meat. The Porcupine gave him some small pieces at first, and then invited him to come up and eat his fill. The Fox accepted, and, when he could eat no more, asked

where he could go to relieve himself. The Porcupine directed him to the end of a branch, whence he easily shook the Fox, which fell to the ground and was killed, but sprang up alive again at the moment when the first tuft of hair was blown from the putrefying carcase by the wind.

FOX AND WILDCAT.

As soon as his life was restored, Fox went to the Buffalo head, and cut off the long pendent hair, *i-yûn-e-pi-ta-ga*, beneath its under jaw. Fox took this to a prairie-dog village near at hand, and told the inhabitants that it was the hair of a man, one of that race dreaded by the prairie-dogs because of its attacks upon them, which he had killed. He easily persuaded the prairie-dogs to celebrate his victory with feasting and dancing. With a stone concealed in his hand, he killed all the prairie-dogs as they circled around in the dance. Fox then placed them in a pit, and built a huge fire over them, leaving them to roast while he slept. *Nîⁿ-ko-jîⁿ*, the Wildcat, came along, and stole all the roasted prairie-dogs while Fox slept, save one at the end of the pit, leaving the tails, which were pulled off. Fox awoke after some time, and flew into a great rage when he found only the tails left; the solitary dog was thrown over his shoulder in his fit of passion. The gnawings of hunger soon induced him to search for the dog he had thrown away. In the stream close by he thought he saw the roasted body; taking off his clothes, he swam for it, but could not grasp it. Again and again he tried, and finally dove for it until he bumped his nose on the stony bottom. Tired out with his efforts, he laid down upon the bank to rest, and, as he glanced upward, saw the body of the prairie-dog lying among the branches which projected over the water. Fox recovered the coveted morsel, ate it, and set off on the trail of the Wildcat. He found Wildcat asleep under a tree, around which he set a fire. With a few quick strokes he shortened the head, body, and tail of Wildcat, and then pulled out the large intestine and roasted it. Fox then awakened Wildcat, and invited him to eat his (Wildcat's) flesh, but to be careful to save a small piece, and put it back in its place, for he would need it. Fox then left him.

Wildcat followed Fox, intent upon revenge. He found Fox asleep, but instead of shortening that animal's members he lengthened them; the ears were only straightened, but the head, body, and tail were elongated as we see them at the present day. The intestine scene was repeated with the Fox as victim.

FOX AND DEER.

As Fox was going along he met a Deer with two spotted fawns beside her. "What have you done," said he, "to make your children spotted like that?" "I made a big fire of cedar wood and placed them before it. The sparks thrown off burned the spots which you see," answered the Deer. Fox was pleased with the color of the fawns, so he went home and told his children to gather cedar wood for a large fire. When the fire was burning well, he put the young foxes in a row before the fire, as he supposed the Deer had done. When he found that they did not change color, he pushed them into the fire and covered them with ashes, thinking he had not applied sufficient heat at first. As the fire went out, he saw their white teeth gleaming where the skin had shrivelled away and exposed them. "Ah, you will be very pretty now," said he. Fox pulled his offspring from the ashes, expecting to find them much changed in color, and so they were,—black, shrivelled, and dead. Fox next thought of revenge upon the Deer, which he found in a grove of cottonwoods. He built a fire around them, but they ran through it and escaped. Fox was so disappointed that he set up a cry of woe, a means of expression which he has retained from that day to this.

FOX AND KINGFISHER.

As Fox went on his way he met Kingfisher, Kět-la'-i-le-ti, whom he accompanied to his home. Kingfisher said that he had no food to offer his visitor, so he would go and catch some fish for Fox. He broke through six inches of ice on the river and caught two fish, which he cooked and set before his guest. Fox was pleased with his entertainment, and invited the Kingfisher to return the call. In due time the Kingfisher came to the home of the Fox, who said, "I have no food to offer you;" then he went down to the river, thinking to secure fish in the same manner as the Kingfisher had done. Fox leaped from the high bank, but instead of breaking through the ice he broke his head and killed himself. Kingfisher went to him, caught him up by the tail, and swung Fox around to the right four times, thereby restoring him to life. Kingfisher caught some fish, and they ate together. "I am a medicine-man," said Kingfisher; "that is why I can do these things. You must never try to catch fish in that way again."

After the departure of Kingfisher, Fox paid a visit to the home of Prairie-dog, where he was cordially received. Prairie-dog put four sticks, each about a foot in length, in the ashes of the camp-fire; when these were removed, they proved to be four nicely roasted prairie-dogs, which were served for Fox's dinner. Fox invited the

Prairie-dog to return the visit, which in a short time the latter did. Fox placed four sticks in the fire to roast, but they were consumed by it, and instead of palatable food to set before his guest he had nothing but ashes. Prairie-dog said to Fox, "You must not attempt to do that. I am a medicine-man; that is why I can transform the wood to flesh." Prairie-dog then prepared a meal as he done before, and they dined.

Fox went to visit Buffalo, I-gûn-da, who exclaimed, "What shall I do? I have no food to offer you." Buffalo was equal to the emergency, however; he shot an arrow upward, which struck in his own back as it returned. When he pulled this out, a kidney and the fat surrounding it came out also. This he cooked for Fox, and added a choice morsel from his own nose. As usual, Fox extended an invitation to his host to return the visit. When Buffalo came to call upon Fox, the latter covered his head with weeds in imitation of the head of the Buffalo. Fox thought he could provide food for their dinner as the Buffalo had done, so fired an arrow into the air; but when it came close to him on its return flight, he became frightened and ran away. Buffalo then furnished meat for their meal as on the previous occasion. "You must not try this," said he; "I am a medicine-man; that is why I have the power."

Some time afterward, as Fox was journeying along, he met an Elk, Tsës, lying beside the trail. He was frightened when he saw the antlers of the Elk moving, and jumped to avoid what seemed to be a falling tree. "Sit down beside me," said the Elk. "Don't be afraid." "The tree will fall on us," replied Fox. "Oh, sit down; it won't fall. I have no food to offer you, but I will provide some." The Elk cut steaks from his own quarter, which the Fox ate, and before leaving Fox invited the Elk to return the visit. When Elk came to see Fox, the latter tried unsuccessfully to cut flesh from his own meagre flanks; then he drove sharpened sticks into his nose, and allowed the blood to run out upon the grass. This he tried in vain to transform into meat, and again he was indebted to his guest for a meal. "I am a medicine-man; that is why I can do this," said Elk.

FOX AND MOUNTAIN LION.

Fox could find nothing to eat for a long time, so that he grew weak and thin. While on a journey in search of food he met the Mountain Lion, who, taking pity upon his unhappy condition, said, "I will hunt for you, and you shall grow fat again." The Fox agreed to this, and they went on together to a much frequented spring. Mountain Lion told Fox to keep watch while he slept; if a cloud of dust was to be seen arising from the approach of animals Fox was to waken him. Fox presently beheld the dust caused by

the approach of a drove of horses. Fox wakened Mountain Lion, who said, "Just observe how I catch horses." As one of the animals went down to the spring to drink, he sprang upon it, and fastened his fangs in its throat, clawing its legs and shoulders until it fell dying at the water's edge. Mountain Lion brought the horse up to the rock, and laid it before the Fox. "Stay here, eat, drink, and grow fat," said he.

Fox thought he had learned how to kill horses, so when the Coyote came along he volunteered to secure one for him. Fox jumped upon the neck of the horse, as Mountain Lion had done, but became entangled in its mane and was killed.

FOX AND RABBIT.

Fox one day met a Rabbit who was sewing a sack. "What do you intend to do with that sack?" asked he. "I am making this coat to protect myself from being killed by the hard hail which we are going to have to-day," replied Rabbit. "My friend, you know how to make them; give me this coat and make another for yourself." Rabbit agreed to this, and Fox put on the sack over his head. Rabbit then hung him on a limb and pelted him with stones, while Fox, thinking it was hail striking him, endured the punishment as long as he could, but finally fell nearly dead from the tree, and looked out, to see no signs of hail, but discovered the Rabbit running away. Fox wished to avenge himself by killing Rabbit, and set off in pursuit of him. When overtaken Rabbit was chewing soft gum with which to make spectacles. Fox's curiosity was stronger than his passion for revenge. "What are you making those for?" said he. "It is going to be very hot, and I am making them to protect my eyes," answered Rabbit. "Let me have this pair; you know how to make them and can make yourself another pair." "Very well," said Rabbit, and he put the eye-shields on Fox, who could then see nothing, as the gum was soft and filled his eyes. Rabbit set fire to the brush all around Fox, who was badly singed in running through it. The gum melted in the fire, and yet remains as the dark rings around his eyes. Fox again started on the trail of Rabbit, with the determination of eating him as soon as he saw him. He found Rabbit sitting beside the opening of a beehive. "I am going to eat you," said Fox; "you have tried to kill me." "You must not kill me," replied Rabbit. "I am teaching these children," and he closed the opening of the hive, so that Fox could not see what was inside. Fox desired very much to see what was in the hive making such a noise. "If you wish to see, stay here and teach them while I rest. When it is dinner time, strike them with a club," said Rabbit, who then ran away. Fox patiently

awaited the dinner hour, and then struck the hive with such force that he broke into it. The bees poured out and stung him until he rolled in agony. "When I see you again, I will kill you before you can say a word!" declared he, as he started after Rabbit again. Fox tracked the Rabbit to a small hole in the fence around a field of watermelons belonging to a Mexican. The Rabbit had entered to steal, and was angered at sight of the gum figure of a man which the owner of the field had placed beside the path. "What do you desire from me?" he cried, as he struck at the figure with his fore-foot, which stuck fast in the soft gum. He struck at the gum with every foot, and even his head was soon stuck in the gum. Thus Fox found him. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "They put me in here because I would not eat chicken for them," said Rabbit. "I will take your place," said Fox; "I know how to eat chicken." The Mexican found him in the morning and skinned him, and then let him go, — still on the trail of the Rabbit, who had so frequently outwitted him.

ORIGIN OF CORN.

An Apache who was an inveterate gambler had a small tame turkey, which followed its master about everywhere. One day the Turkey told him that the people were tired of supporting him, as he gambled until he lost everything that they in charity gave him. They had decided to give him one more stock of supplies, and if he made away with that he should be killed. Knowing that he could not resist the temptation to gamble if he had any property in his possession, he decided to leave the tribe before their wrath should overtake him. The next day he began to chop down a tree from which to build a boat. The Woodpecker, Tsitl-ka-ta, commanded him not to cut the tree; the woodpeckers must do that for him. They also cut out the inside of the trunk, so that he could get into the cylinder, after which the spider sealed him in by making a web over each end. The woodpeckers carried the log, thus prepared, to the Rio Grande River, and threw it in. The faithful Turkey followed along the shore. In the whirlpool above San Juan the log left the main current, and spun round and round until the Turkey pushed it on into the channel again. Farther down the river the log caught in the rocks in an upright position above a fall, but the Turkey again started it on its journey. At the pueblo of Isleta, the boys hauled out the log with others for fuel. The Turkey rescued the log and placed it in the water, and again, at another pueblo far down the river, the log was returned to the stream. Far to the southward the log drifted out of the channel into a grove of cottonwoods. The man came out of the log and found a large

quantity of duck feathers lying about. That night he had no blanket in which to sleep, so he covered himself with duck feathers. He killed a duck, and with the sinews of its legs made a bowstring. After he landed, the Turkey soon overtook him, and they remained there for four days. During this time the man cleared a small space and levelled it. "Why do you clear this place?" said the Turkey; "if you wish to plant something you must make a larger field." Then the Turkey ran toward the east, and the field was extended in that direction: toward the south, the west, and the north he ran, until the field was large enough. Then he ran into the field from the east side, and the black corn lay behind him; from the south side, and the blue corn appeared; from the west, and the yellow corn was made; from the north, and the seeds of every kind of cereal and vegetable lay upon the ground. The Turkey told the man to plant all these seeds in rows. In four days the growing plants appeared. The Turkey helped his master tend the crops, and in four more days everything was ripe. Then the man took an ear of corn and roasted it, and found it good.

MYTHS.

THE TWO BLIND OLD WOMEN.

NA-KI IS-TSON-I-JA PIN-DA-TCI⁸-I PI-GO-NI-TI.
(Two women old blind their story.)

Two old women were once cooking a pot of mush which two mischievous boys were trying to steal. Both were blind, so one sat on each side of the fire, and they kept their sticks waving back and forth above the pot, to prevent any one from taking advantage of their blindness and removing the vessel or its contents. The boys found an empty pot, which they substituted for the one on the fire. Finding that the pot now had an empty ring when struck by their sticks, the old women concluded that the water had boiled away, and the mush must be sufficiently cooked. "Let us smoke while it cools," said one. "Very well," said the other, and they began to smoke alternately the single pipe in their possession: as they smoked they kept the sticks waving to and fro above the empty vessel. The boys took the pipe from the hand of one old woman as she was passing it to the other. "You are smoking all the time," said the second woman. "I gave you the pipe long ago," said the first. "You did not," said the second. Just then the boys struck the first woman in the mouth, and she, thinking it was the other woman, struck her companion, who, of course, retaliated, and they proceeded to belabor one another with their staves. When they were tired of fighting they went to eat their mush; each thought the other had eaten it, which set them to fighting again.

THE BEAVER AND THE OLD MAN.

T'CA AND HAS-KI-I'.

There was once an old man who was very fond of beaver meat. He hunted and killed beaver so frequently that his son remonstrated with him, telling him that some misfortune would surely overtake him as a punishment for his persecution of the sagacious animals, which were then endowed with the magic powers of the medicine-men. The old man did not heed the warning, but continued to kill beaver nearly every day. Again the son said, "If you kill them, they will soon catch and kill you." Not long afterward the old man saw a beaver enter a hole in the bank; disregarding his son's advice, he plunged head foremost into the burrow to catch the animal. The son saw him enter the hole, and went in after him. Catching the old man by the heels, he pushed him farther in. Thinking another beaver had attacked him, the old man was at first too frightened to move, then he cried for mercy. "Let me go, Beaver, and I will give you my knife." He threw his knife back toward the entrance, but received no reply to his entreaty. "Let me go, Beaver, and I will give you my awl." Again no answer. "Let me go, and I will give you my arrows." The young man took the articles as they were handed to him, and hastened away without making himself known.

When the old man returned to the tipi, he said nothing of his adventures, and his son asked no questions. As soon as the old man left the tipi, the son replaced the knife and other articles in his father's fire-bag. "Where is your knife?" said the son when the old man returned. "I gave it to the beaver to induce them to let me escape with my life." "I told you they would catch you," said the son.

The old man never hunted beaver again.

THE OLD BEGGAR.

(HAS-KAI-YĚ-LI.)

There was once an old Apache who went begging from camp to camp every evening. His wife tried to reform the old beggar by playing a trick upon him. One night during his absence she fetched a bleached horse's pelvis into the tipi, and painted it so that it somewhat resembled a face. The old man came home about midnight, and beheld, as he thought, the head of a monster glaring at him in the bright moonlight from the door of the lodge. Twice the woman held up the pelvis, when he turned in terror-stricken flight, calling, "Help, help! Something has killed my woman. Bring spears, bring arrows!" With a spear he cautiously lifted the

side of the tipi, but his wife threw out the bone at the back, and he could not discover the cause of the apparition.

The next night he went out to beg again. He found plenty of buffalo meat at one of the lodges, some of which was given him to carry home. There were several horses lying outside the lodge, and the old man mistook one of them for a log, and jumped upon its back. The frightened horse rose under him, and soon succeeded in bucking him off. As the Indians came out of the tipi to investigate the cause of the stampede of the ponies, the old man said, "I told you long ago to break this horse, and now I must do it myself!" Thus avoiding, in some measure, their ridicule, he groped about until he found his meat again, and then hastened home.

The next morning he decided to move his camp. His family formed a large party, and he wished to precede them on the march. His sons were alarmed, and told him that the Cheyennes would kill and scalp him. "Oh, no," said he, "nobody will attack a warrior like me," and he walked on ahead of the others. His three sons painted their faces black and white, so that they were no longer recognizable, and then ran around in front of their father. As they ran toward him he shot all his arrows, but was too frightened to shoot straight. The young men caught him; one ran his fingernail around his scalp, while another placed a fresh buffalo's heart on the old man's head. The blood from the heart ran down his face, and he thought he was scalped. His sons allowed him to go back toward the party; on the way he came to a river, where he stooped to drink, and saw the reflected image of the raw flesh upon his head. He was then sure that he had been scalped, and sat down to die. His sons made signs to him to cross the river and go back. Again frightened by their gestures, he ran until he reached the women, who all laughed at his story of being scalped by the Cheyennes. The sons had explained the joke to their mother, and when the old man appealed to his wife for sympathy she only laughed at him, as he sat and shook with fear before her. At last they pulled off the strange head-covering, and a fresh burst of ridicule of the "brave warrior" followed.

Frank Russell.